

## STORY IV.

*The good GIRL and the  
pretty GIRL.*

A Very little Girl was told by every Body that she was mighty pretty. Her Hair was of a fine light Brown, her Eyes were bright, and her pretty plump Checks had a Freshness that made them often kiss'd and admir'd; but how much better is it to be good than pretty? Her Sister was not so handsome, but she was much better. The pretty Girl was proud of her Beauty, would not bear to be told of her Faults, and was so naughty, as not to want to grow wiser. She was handsome, and that she thought was enough; she despised every Body that was not so pretty as herself, and was often so very wicked as to affront those good People that happen'd not to be so strait and well-shap'd as she was, and call'd them bandy Legs, long Nose, Crump, and all such naughty Names, as if the same God that had made her had not made them too. Her Sister all

